

Dear friends,

Thank you all for your generous and informative responses to my previous Newsletter. Your emails inspired this Newsletter.

In this edition:

1. **My security file from 1967 – 1975.**

Some ten years ago I asked for the security file the apartheid state kept on me. At first glance it was disappointing. It appears separate files were kept by the Special Branch (SB or BOSS), the Department of Justice and maybe other state agencies. I received the file kept by the Justice Department. Was there a separate SB file? Or was it destroyed before 1994? I imagine SB files contain the real gory detail.

You can read the 111-paragraph report, marked 'Geheim/Secret' on my website www.horstkleinschmidt.co.za. I excluded the endless letters between state departments and requests by overseas individuals and organizations for my release when I was detained in September 1975. Having studied my file more closely for the first time now there are interesting insights.

- The report appears to be an assessment on whether, during the 1970s, I should be banned or not. The influence by Department of Foreign Affairs and notably their SA Ambassador to Bonn, FRG, concludes that banning me would, on balance, have more negative than positive outcomes.
- Above decision was arrived at, it emerges, because of our connections with organizations overseas that the apartheid state wanted to keep good relations with, West Germany in particular. We supplied information to those calling for the boycott and isolation of apartheid and in many instances, these were very structures the apartheid state wanted to win over for their ends, the FRG Churches, Parliamentarians and federal state structures amongst them. To use arbitrary measures against me (i.e. imposing restrictions, called banning orders), it was concluded, would push the debate in our favour and against the apartheid state.
- The Programme for Social Change was a small unit functioning under the auspices of the Christian Institute. I worked for the PSC and in the file dealing with me this gets extensive attention. Our published investigations into the working conditions of Black cleaners at the German School, similar reports on Standard Telephones and Cables (an ITT subsidiary) and Springbok Flowers (a German flower exporter) caused damage, they argued, but remained within the ambit of reasonable debate. Our intention was to get the Germany-South Africa Cultural agreement annulled and to isolate the apartheid state, ultimately to force it to surrender. My colleagues at the PSC, especially my friend, Malcolm McCarthy were seen as people who would pursue my objectives if I was banned. The apartheid authorities seemed to realize that banning orders had limited value. It is gratifying to know that our work struck a raw nerve.
- They (the SB or BOSS) seem under the impression that I am a primary person in South Africa who supplied damaging information to a wide range of European groups. Today I am surprised that we had such perceived influence.

- In my file they conclude that Peter Randall should also not be banned, yet he is banned in the October 1977 swoop, when the whole of the CI had crossed one bridge too far. This is concluded from the findings in the secret Commission of Enquiry into Certain Organizations, otherwise known as the Schibusch commission. In my own case their patience ran out much earlier. In September 1975 I was detained. And their feared scenario of West Germany reactions appears to drive a growing wedge between the FRG and apartheid. Negative publicity, from their point of view abounded, much to the discomfort of the SA Ambassador. He assured German Parliamentarians that my arrest had nothing to do with the Christian Institute but with a connection I had with a suspected terrorist, the Afrikaans poet Breyten Breytenbach.
- The report is in Afrikaans and thus accessible only to some of my readers. Many of the 111 paragraphs start with “information obtained by delicate means”, indicating that either an informer or a bugging device provided the information they refer to. Instead of my name, the word “onderwerp” (subject) is used generally. When Josie Fanon, wife Franz Fanon, visited our home in 1974 they got a partial transcript of our conversation “by delicate means”. Was there an informer in our midst or was there a bugging device in our lounge? We never had proof of either, though both were assumed by us to be present at the time.

2. **Receipts.** The apartheid state followed conventions handed down presumably from the British colonial administrations. When the police raided our home on 16 September 1975 and took me into custody, they left Ilona with **receipts** of many items they took from our home. One is signed by Major Olivier, the other by Captain van Dyk. I made mention of Olivier in previous writings. On my website is a cartoon that goes with it (Olivier provided the sole instance when I used violent means: I kicked him, between the legs, from behind – a story for another day). The SB receipts are on my web site, should you find this of any interest.
3. As I settle down to write my autobiography, little stories emerge that probably have no place in a book. One of the items the SB confiscated during the raid mentioned above is the curious story of **my address book/diary** known as Filofax in those days. It was taken by the police. During interrogation when they broke for tea I managed without them noticing, to tear out and swallow incriminating pages. Long after I was in exile the SB returned my diary and other items to Ilona who sent the diary to Holland. I started using it again – one could buy refills for the current year. But, on a visit to London I was pickpocketed and my diary was gone. But it came back. The story of the returning diary can be found on my website.



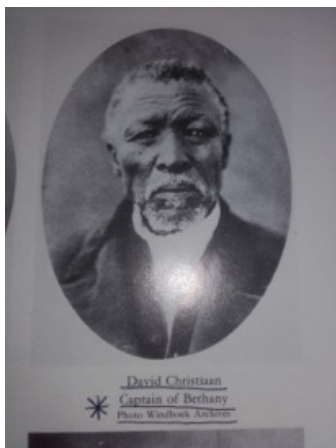
4. The Programme for Social Change (PSC) referred to above, set itself the goal that the White community should never say, after apartheid was over: ‘But I did not know’ (*Aber **ich hab es nicht gewußt***). One way of ensuring this, was our compiling under the most difficult circumstance records of the abuse of power by the state. We published lists of those detained (who disappeared without the state at that time acknowledging they were in police custody), the torture they were subjected to (the state not admitting to this) and the related violence the state employed to deal with its opponents, ourselves included. We issued reports titled ‘Arrests, detentions, bannings, political trials and those released without charge’. I still have copies of these reports.

In going through my archive I found my handwritten note for an impending report, drafted in 1974. Near the end of it is an entry that readers will find interesting. It reads, 'Detainee: Cyril Ramaphosa, nearest relative: father, [who] is a cop, Address: Mr. Ramaphosa, 3867 Chiawelo, Soweto, Organization [the detainee is connected to]: SASO, Chairman, at Turfloop [University]. SASO was the Black Consciousness student organization which was banned with the Christian Institute and others in 1977.

5. My **family research** has been on the slow-burner for a while. But recently I was visited by Tim Frederik, son of the late Chief David Frederik, of the !Aman's, the people that my ancestor Zara is from (See previous Newsletters). He pointed me to below photo of Chief David Christian Frederick (1847-1880), whose pre-colonial name is Goab //Naixab. //Naixab is the male form of the female form which is //Naixas, also spelt //Geixas. We have previously learnt that our Zara Hendricks' father, in pre-colonial times had the surname //Geixab. Chief David Christian would have been a nephew of Zara (1793 – 1831). (It is conceivable how Zara's colonial surname Hendricks later becomes Frederik through marriage.)

It is gratifying and we are fortunate to be able to gradually gather information about our Nama family. This is necessary in the face of an abundance of information we have on the family with European roots.

Zara's family comes from the Oorlam-Nama, in this case the !Aman who from 1904 - 1908 conducted a heroic war against German occupation. The missionary part of the family, including my great grandfather, a mission trader (1851 -1896), sided with the German Empire while others, mostly also in the service of the mission, attempted to hold some middle-ground, either as peace-makers or quislings between the fronts. The story is too big for me write up and do justice to. Someone with more distance from it will do this one day, I hope.



Chief Goab //Naixab also David Christian Frederik.

6. A huge **fire devastated Wuppertal** recently. In the days of missionary Franz-Heinrich Kleinschmidt, Wuppertal was the staging post from which missionaries trekked north. It is here that missionary Kleinschmidt in 1939 was designated by his colleagues, including Missionary Leipoldt (referred to below) to head to Komaggas and join Hinrich and Zara Schmelen. He married their daughter Johanna. Komaggas was the final post before he became initially, missionary to the people of Jonker Afrikaner, in Klein Windhoek today's Namibia.

Friend, Robert Krieger writes:

"A major tragedy has hit the Moravian hamlet, WUPPERTHAL, deep in the Cederberg, Western Cape Province, a former Rhenish Mission station which I first visited in 1966. Exacerbated by drought, lack of infrastructure and poverty, a wildfire has destroyed the thatched roof homes of more than 200 people mainly aged and pensioners. So, too, the historic 'werf' - the mission place - including the manse, the clinic, community hall and tourist information centre "sparing", fortunately, the church building. The local industries - veldskoene (leather suede boots & sandals), Rooibos Tea (Red Bush Tea) and associated products - instigated by the 19th century Rhenish Missionaries, i.e. J. Gottlieb Leipoldt (grandfather of the South African poet, novelist and medical doctor, C Louis Leipoldt), as well as the school buildings and hostel have been destroyed. Apart from national and provincial rehabilitation efforts of the national heritage buildings as announced by President Ramaphosa and MEC Bredell respectively, the Moravian Church of South Africa has launched a special appeal to provide immediate short-term and medium-term necessities for those made homeless by the fire. Details are provided in the attached article as well as provision for secure direct EFT via debit or credit cards. Your assistance no matter how large or small will be highly appreciated. PLEASE SHARE AS WIDELY AS

POSSIBLE. Thanks. Warm regards, Robert https://i.facebook.com/i.php?u=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.fruitful-futures.com%2Fwuppertal-fire-relief%2F%3Ffbclid%3DIwAR2a65cQGPFxhVmQ8Le2FZTuIxiVjAhWYc-7FRzXDeMFEp9CiuIHd6Dku0&h=AT1sX3GZtkUB-Pj6adT2Mo3CchGfBXoLXkf9rcTlnBauNPFtp-ik0SDIJSZkcwrZBncRb1F_mk0MRuJfrrL8AVycVgTEwK50yqJt4dHi0fvcc-nMHHRO-VI9XO1EFQe5E3QHvtRNr4"

7. Since there are **no credible proposals in South Africa** to build a more just and equal society, other than the fallacious belief in capitalist trickle down or the much-postponed socialist dream, I found proposals by Democrats in California of interest.

Proposition 13 is no longer off-limits in California

https://www.sfchronicle.com/politics/article/Proposition-13-is-no-longer-off-limits-in-13492400.php?utm_campaign=email-premium&utm_source=CMS%20Sharing%20Button&utm_medium=social

Proposition 13 is untouchable. That's been the thinking for 40 years in California. Politicians have feared for their careers if they dared suggest changes to the measure that capped property taxes, took a scythe to government spending and spawned antitax initiatives across the country. However, that is beginning to change. With Republican influence in California on the wane and ascendant Democrats making tax fairness an issue, advocates are confident that the time is right to take a run at some legacies of the 1978 measure. High on their list: making businesses pay more and ending a sweetheart deal for people who inherit homes and their low tax bills, then turn a profit by renting them out.

This message was sent via [SFChronicle.com](https://www.sfchronicle.com)

8. Mike Alfred writes **poetry**. My previous Newsletter inspired him to send me two poems he wrote during the dark days in South Africa. I gladly and with his permission reproduce them here:

Down

Mike Alfred

*Once upon a beautiful, vicious morning,
a morning expectant both with innocence
and blood frenzy, the morning of the nod;
next job for the government psychopaths
watching from the blank hotel window.
They did not know why, did not care why,
only now, go! No one ever knew why, not
then, not yet. Down they drove in the
anonymous van, the van without plates,
without a driver, without a passenger and
down he went, shot full of shotgun gunshot,
down on the pavement where the boulder
remembers and the mosaic wall remembers
that bright Troyeville morning when no one
knew why they assassinated David Webster.
His official murderer doesn't remember
why or quite when or how he did it; he
doesn't remember much of himself at all.*

Brixton Murder

Mike Alfred

Stories? You want stories?

*Not inconceivable, New York might win
an Oscar for best backdrop and the NYPD,
an award for best supporting cast
and sirens.*

*It's the stories make a city famous: cops and
robbers, felons and crooked detectives, the
essential tales, the classics, the eternal Siamese
twins: good and evil and the tissue-thin membrane
between them. What can we offer here in blood-
bathed Jozi? One story is well-hidden now, under
wraps, banished from history, a brotherhood run
wild, disbanded as freedom dawned. But the story
survived, entered the folklore, re-emerges in a boast
here,
a drunken outburst there, a yellowing Vrye Weekblad:
it's about conviction statistics augmented by confession
under torture, extracted from innocent and guilty alike.
[Who doesn't confess with electrodes on his balls,
or after a spell of waterboarding?] There were those
who
woke up dead in their cells, or committed suicide on
a piece of soap. Then there was the blackmail,
threatened
families, kidnappings, all those wonderful, couldn't
refuse,
offers; that's what you could expect from the Brixton
Murder
and Robbery Squad, corrupt web of cops, their
impimpis
criminal handlangers and drug runners. Those hard
men
with their 'high success rate' who moonlighted for the
State when someone needed to be silenced. Such heroic
Patriotism from the Slang van Zyls and the Ferdi
Barnards! ...over
They were indignant when the club was closed. But
they'd
taken things too far, placed themselves outside even
the strictly limited decencies of civilization.*

Stories? You want stories? Come all ye Deon Meyers,

Brixton Murder and Robbery, tip of an iceberg.